

A BOOK OF SONGS

VOLUME ONE

BY :: WALTER
BRAITHWAITE

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Edited by Michael Vaughan

Contents

Foreword by Yehudi Menuhin	Page 3
Author's Notes	4 & 5
New Year Round	7
On Easter Day	8
The Spring by the Wayside	10
Whitsun Hymn	12
Ut queant laxis	14
The sun is in my heart	16
My soul, there is a country	18
The Snow on the Mountaintops	20
Song for Michaelmas	22
Autumn	24
The Candle Flame	26
Sheep all Safe in the Fold	28
When Christ was Born unto Mary	30
Song for Three Shepherds	36
Christmas Carol	38
Cradle Song of Mary	40
I sing of a maiden	42
Angels' Gloria	44

Foreword.

Contrary to predominant commercial practice when a new book is "launched" before the public, somewhat like the throwing of a baited net to fish, these beautiful and charming songs by Walter Braithwaite have already provided many years' sustenance and inspiration to schoolchildren before this, their first publication; only "I sing of a Maiden" has been printed before, in a different arrangement.

Even the very fact of their appearance as a book remains true to the spirit of their message, for they are being brought to light on the personal conviction of the editor, with the warm encouragement of Walter Braithwaite's friends and fellow teachers.

In a day when defenceless children are thrown, almost at birth, into a competitive and barrenly materialistic world, this set of songs assumes a particular importance, for it feeds the child's deep and imperative spiritual needs - the vision, the sounds, the rhythms, the words of harmony, peace, faith and humility - a dream, if you wish, and unfashionable, but one which is the birthright of a child and one without which humanity is a prison.

Jehudi Denunhin

Preface 1984

This is a reprint in a smaller format of the book first published in 1970, which has been out of print for a few years. I have re-conditioned the words of the Song for Easter and the words and music of the Whitsun Hymn - otherwise it is the same book for which Yehudi Menuhin so kindly wrote a foreword.

And now here is an important injunction to PIRATES!

All proceeds from the sale of this book are to go to the Christian Community in Stourbridge (UK), where a new church is to be built. Please remember this when photocopying, or even copying by hand, any part of the book, and send an appropriate donation to one of the addresses below. This will not only absolve you from the sin of piracy, but it will also help us to build and furnish our church, so be generous.

October 1984

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Author's Note.

Herewith my most grateful thanks to all who have helped towards the creation and publication of these songs. A critical wife has been a great blessing to a (so often unappreciative) husband. Many of my colleagues also have suggested just the right word or phrase at crucial moments of flagging inspiration. Michael Vaughan, a former pupil, offered his hand-writing and craftsmanship, and it was he who brought these songs to the notice of Yehudi Menuhin, to whom I am indebted for the foreword he has so generously written.

The songs may be accompanied by any suitable combination of instruments. Although no expression marks have been supplied, the natural enunciation of the words should enliven the musical rhythms, and the content and circumstances should suggest the style of playing to the accompanist, who should feel free to use all legitimate devices at his disposal to bring life to the singing. Lively singing does not automatically arise from following a prescription, but from thoughtful enunciation, by all concerned.

September 1970

Walter Braithwaite.

51, Corser Street,
Stourbridge, Worcs.

New Year: 4 part round

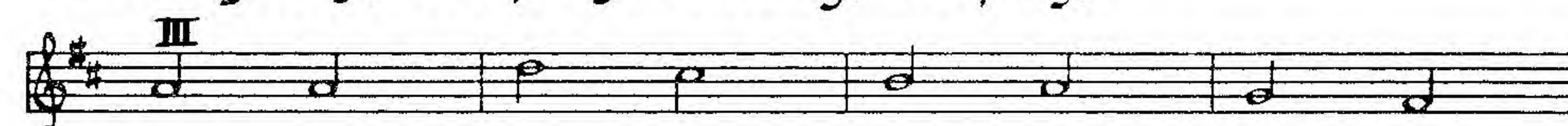
Words by Eileen Hutchins



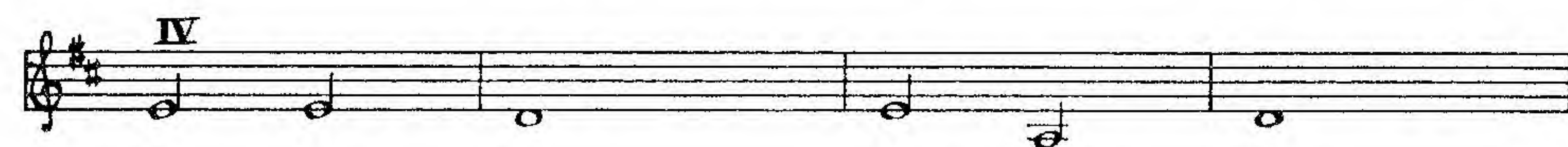
New Year, New Year, what will you bring?



1. Haste and Hurry, Work and Worry,
2. Noughts and Crosses, Gains and Losses,
3. Sun and Shower, Seed and Flower, all are on the wing.
4. Laughing, Weeping, Sowing, Reaping,



With a ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

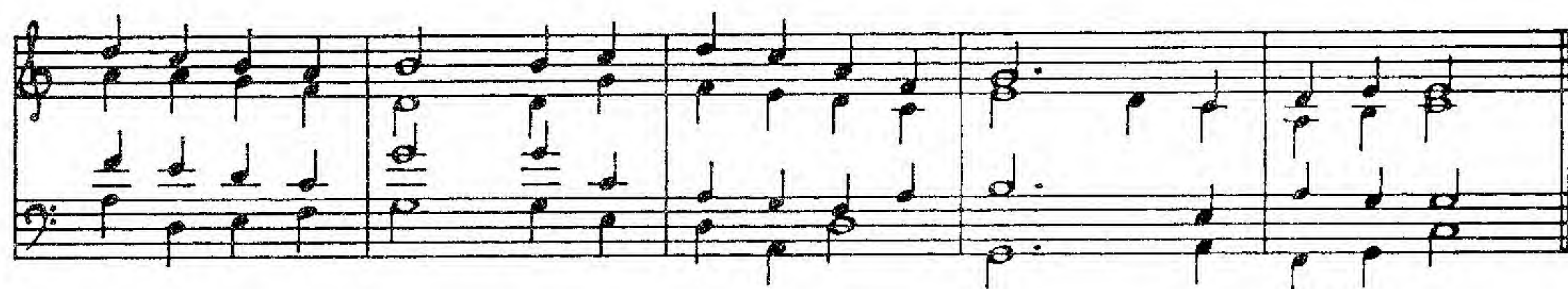


ding dong ding, ding dong ding.

On Easter Day



The rhythm is not foursquare, and should be created by the words.



On Easter Day

The tender leaves, the buds aburst, are telling
That Christ has power to spring from death's dark dwelling:
Awake my soul from sleep, Alléluia.

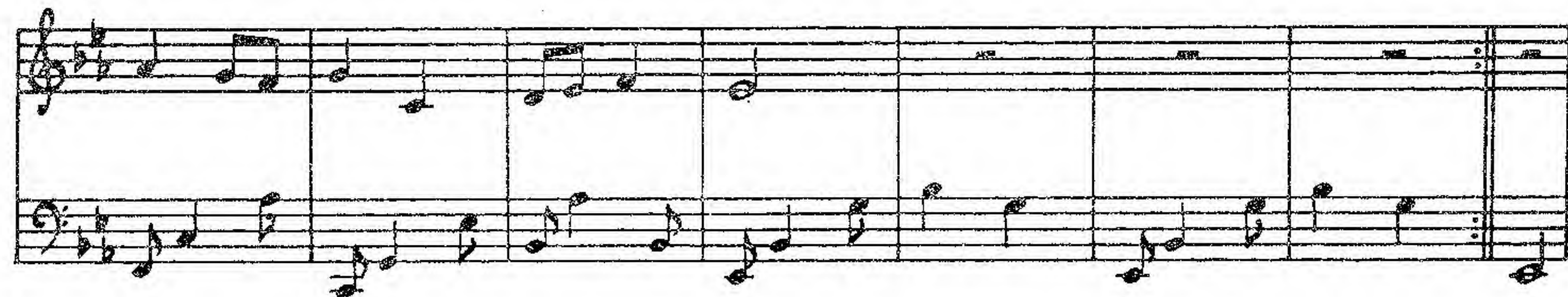
On Easter Day

The soaring lark, the lamb new born, betoken
That Christ the ancient bonds of death has broken:
Arise my soul, rejoice, Alléluia.

On Easter Day

The very stone itself with joy is singing
That Christ from death lost souls to life is bringing:
Behold my heart, Christ's Deed, Alléluia.

The Spring by the Wayside

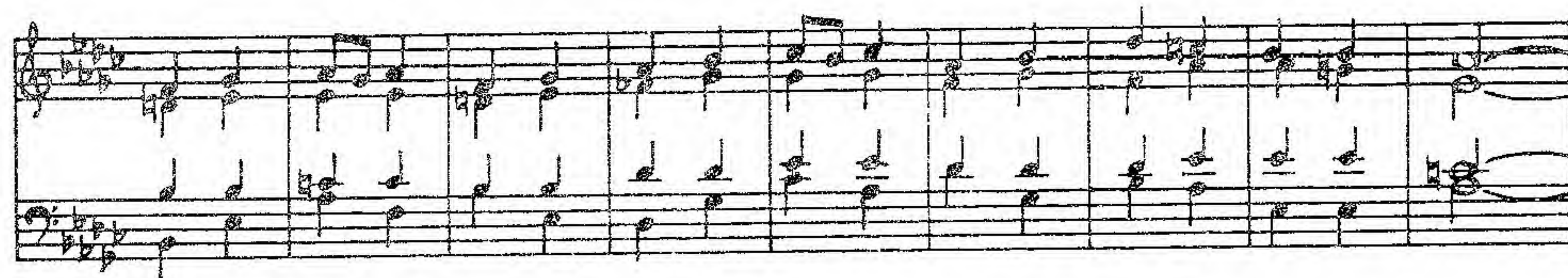


Bare is the rock at the hill top,
 And steep is the path to the valley below;
 Cool, fresh and sweet is the spring by the wayside,
 And for man and his beast and his garden
 Water doth flow.

Glad is the earth when the raindrops
 Fall down from the light to the darkness below;
 So springeth love in the heart's deepest places,
 For the wisdom of God bringeth life
 To all that we know.

Bare is the rock &c.

Whitsun Hymn



Through Death's dark Portals of Earth
O Christ, Thy Spirit of Birth
Is now revealed.

Where Eve and Adam lay bound
Are Gates to Paradise found
Unlocked, unsealed.

That Tree, whose Blossom was hid
By Clouds of Knowledge forbid
With golden Fruit doth glow,
The Seeds of Life to sow
In Earth's dark shades below.

Life giving, loveliest Tree,
Within our innermost Heart
Thou takest Root;
Now, newborn Fire of Love
Guards that sweet Paradise,
Ripens there that Fruit.
Now may our Offering bear
The Christ-filled fragrance of Prayer
To timeless Realms of Light,
Where Christ's redeeming Might
Illumines Death's dark Night.

Thou Holy Spirit of Birth,
Thou Godhood given to Earth
For Man to gain,
Our Tree-girt Paradise yields
To wide-spread, ripening Fields
Of golden Grain.
Yea, now, there springeth from Earth
The new-born Spirit of Birth,
The Christ-filled Bread and Wine:
The true and faithful Sign
Of Manhood made Divine.

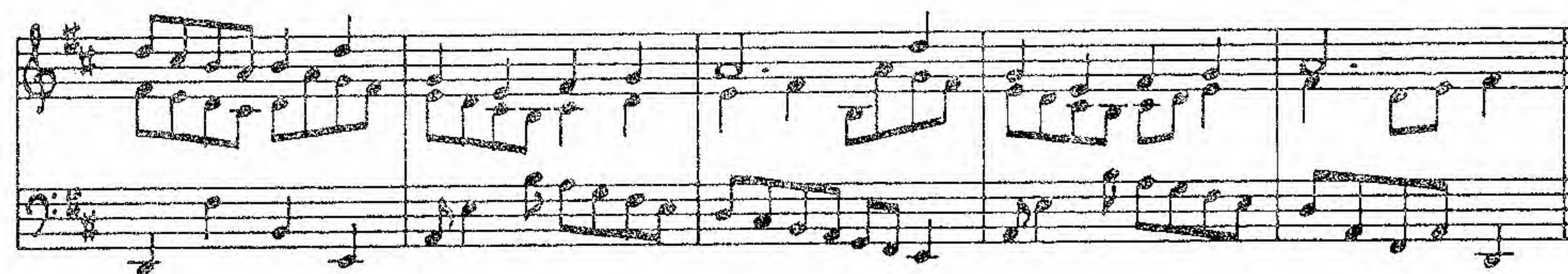
Ut queant laxis



Ut queant laxis resonare fibris
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum
Sancte Johannes,
Sancte Johannes.

Paulus Diaconus.

The sun is in my heart



Alternative version.



The sun is in my heart,
He warms me with his power.
And wakens, wakens life and love
In bird and beast and flower,
In bird and beast and flower.

The stars above my head
Are shining in my mind
As spirits, spirits of the world
That in my thoughts I find,
That in my thoughts I find.

The earth whereon I tread
Let's not my feet go through,
But strongly, strongly doth uphold
The weight of deeds I do,
The weight of deeds I do.

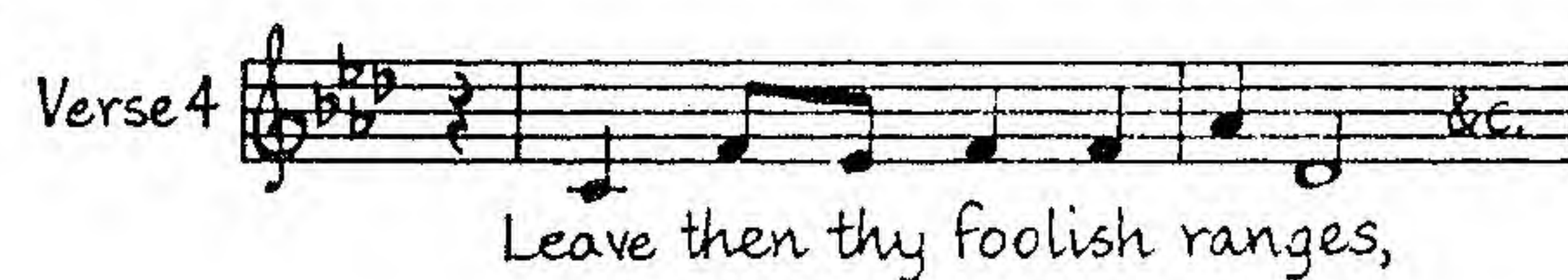
Then thankful I must be
That man on earth I dwell,
To know, to know and love the world
And work all creatures well,
And work all creatures well.

Cecil Harwood.

My soul, there is a country



It is intended that the rhythm should follow that of natural speech.



My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:

There, above noise, and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned and smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan.

The Snow on the Mountaintops



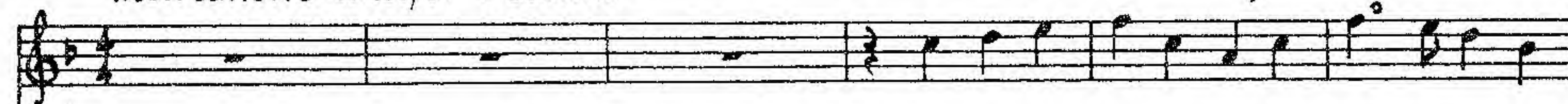
I will lift up mine eyes to the hills so high
And behold how they rise through the clouds in the sky,
Till the snow on the mountaintops shines in the sun
Like a house builded there for the Holy One.

It is He who has made all the world so wide,
'Tis His light shining down on the steep mountainside,
'Tis to Him I have lifted my heart and my will,
For His Truth and His Grace do the whole world fill.

In the darkest of night He will guard my way,
And the dark will be light till the break of the day,
For 'tis He who created me, He who doth know
All the heights and the depths where my soul can go.

Song for Michaelmas

Instrument and/or Descant



Introduction - - - - -



8ves ad lib.



O World so wide,
Where, far beyond the clouds on every side,
The Stars are shining bright,
Though sunshine hides from sight
Their steadfast ray.

O World so wide,
Where darkness follows day at eventide,
Yet shines the sun at night,
Gilding with morning light
Lands far away.

O World so wide,
Where dawn and sunset's archangelic stride
Bears Michael's sword and shield [Michael's
Through all the starry field
From night to day.

O World so wide,
Where, far beyond all realms of time and tide,
Man brings his will to birth,
Brings Michael's deed to Earth
Each new born day.

Autumn



The Autumn leaves are falling fast,
 The Autumn mists are grey,
 Sing Heigh-ho, sing Heigh-ho,
 The Autumn mists are grey.
 The Summer days of jollity
 When all the world makes holiday,
 The long days are over,
 Winter comes again.

The snow will soon be lying thick,
 All white upon the ground,
 Sing Heigh-ho, sing Heigh-ho,
 So white upon the ground.
 The lovely days of jollity
 When all the world makes holiday,
 The short days are coming,
 Christmas Night is near.

The Candle Flame



Into deep darkness
 Shines the light
 When a candle flame burns
 Clear and bright,
 For the sun brings down
 With his golden ray
 Spirits of God
 Who bless us
 Night and day.
 Spirits of God.

Hidden in all things,
 Everywhere,
 With a watchful love
 And tender care,
 With a web of truth
 And a thread of light,
 Spirits of God
 Are weaving
 Day and night.
 Spirits of God.

Sheep all Safe in the Fold



Sheep all safe in the fold,
 Moon rising bright in the eastern sky.
 High on the hills, pasture is resting,
 Star-rippled pool fills full to the brim;
 Sheep all safe in the fold,
 Moon rising bright in the eastern sky.

Midnight past, shepherd wakes,
 Hastes to the town where the Christ Child lies.
 Sheep gently stir, safe in the sheep fold,
 Songs of the angels sound in their dream;
 Midnight past, shepherd wakes,
 Hastes to the town where the Christ Child lies.

Morning breaks, shepherd calls,
 Gate opens wide to a new born day.
 High on the hills, dew on the pasture,
 Sheep at the stream side, pool crystal clear;
 Morning breaks, shepherd calls,
 Gate opens wide to a new born day.

When Christ was Born unto Mary



When Christ was born unto Mary,
 Alle, Alleluia,
 Though deep cold snow on the earth lay white
 There was no welcome for them that night,
 No room in the inn, but a stable
 for Christmas tide.



When Christ was born unto Mary,
 Alle, Alleluia,
 Though the Lord's own Angel announced His birth
 Yet his word woke no one upon the earth,
 Only shepherds asleep with their sheep
 on the steep hillside.

Ah - - -

When Christ was born &c. - - -

8ves throughout

When Christ was born unto Mary,
 Alle, Alleluia,
 With right good will and a song of joy
 Those shepherds they ran to the Holy Boy,
 And gave to Him all that they had
 in the world so wide,
 in the world so wide.

Song for Three Shepherds.

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/2 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The music is divided into three measures by vertical bar lines. The first measure contains a half note G4, a half note A4, and a half note B4. The second measure contains a half note G4, a half note F4, and a half note E4. The third measure contains a half note D4, a half note C4, and a half note B3. The bass line follows a similar pattern, with notes G3, A3, B3 in the first measure, G3, F3, E3 in the second, and D3, C3, B2 in the third. The notes are written in a simple, clear hand.

Handwritten musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is written on two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four measures. The first measure contains the melody and bass line. The second measure contains the melody and bass line. The third measure contains the melody and bass line. The fourth measure contains the melody and bass line, ending with a double bar line and the word "Fine".

Instruments

D.C. al Fine

First Shepherd: Lullay my Dear,
Second " Lullay my Darling,
Third " Christ Jesu, Truly God,
Second " Truly Man,
First " Truly born today.

Christmas Carol

The rhythm should be flexible, to suit the words.



Within the mean and lowly place
Where ox and ass make room for Thee,
Though man has none,
Thou comest to the manger straw
Whose golden grain is gone,
Whose golden grain is gone.

Yet what has man to give to Thee,
That it could be both blest and crowned
With such sweet grace?
O Thou whose shining grain doth fill
The starry heaven's space,
The starry heaven's space.

Cradle Song of Mary

To Earth art Thou come, Thou Child of the

Heavens, Alle - luia, Alle-luia, To Earth art Thou come, Thou

Child of my Heart, Al - - - le-lu - ia, Alle, Alle - luia.

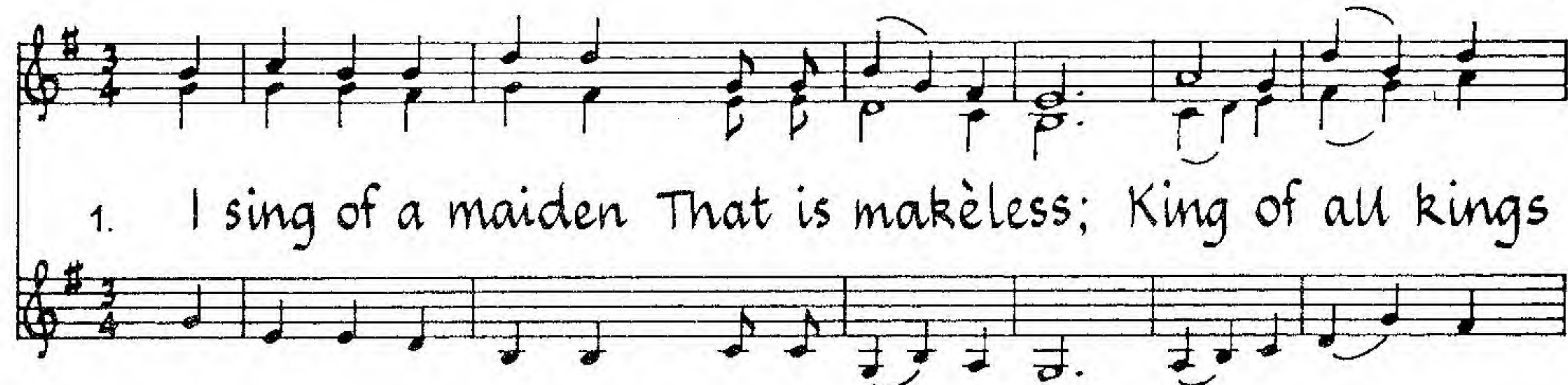
Though cold is the Earth, and dark is the night, Al -

- le - luia, Alle - luia, To Earth art Thou come, Thou

Star of the Day, Al - - - lelu - ia, Alle, Alle - luia.

I sing of a maiden

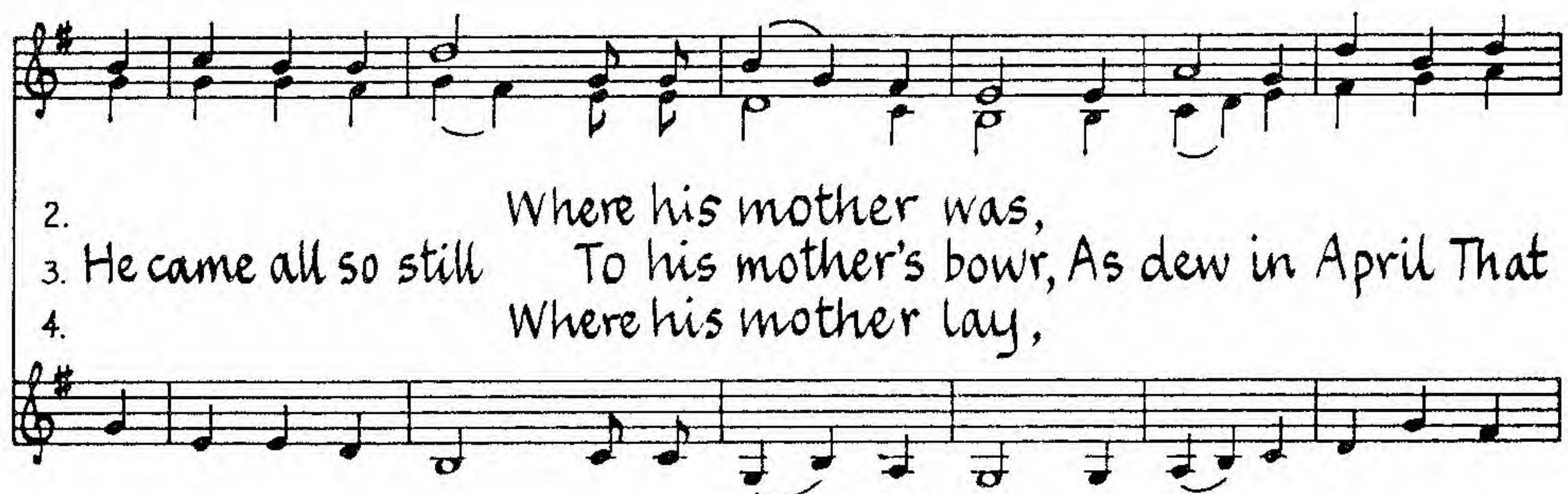
Words 15th. century



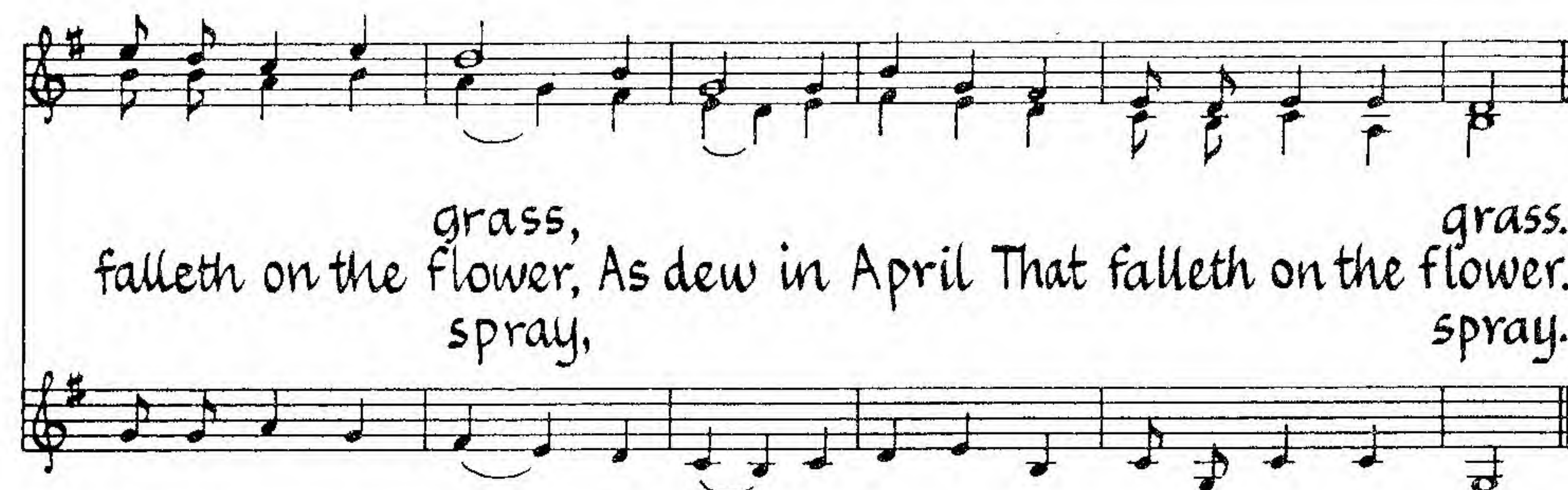
1. I sing of a maiden That is makèless; King of all kings



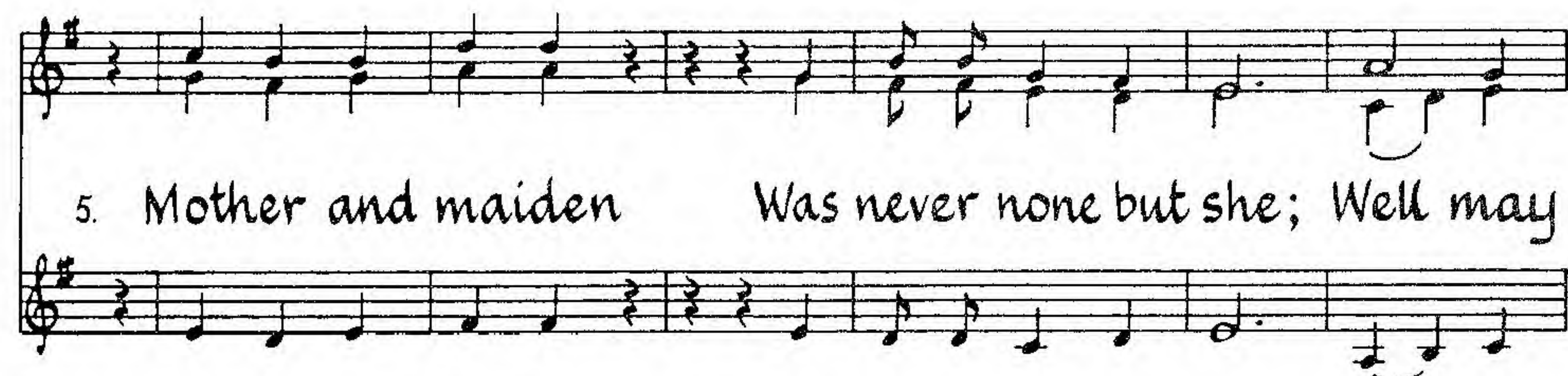
To her son she ches, King of all kings To her son she ches.



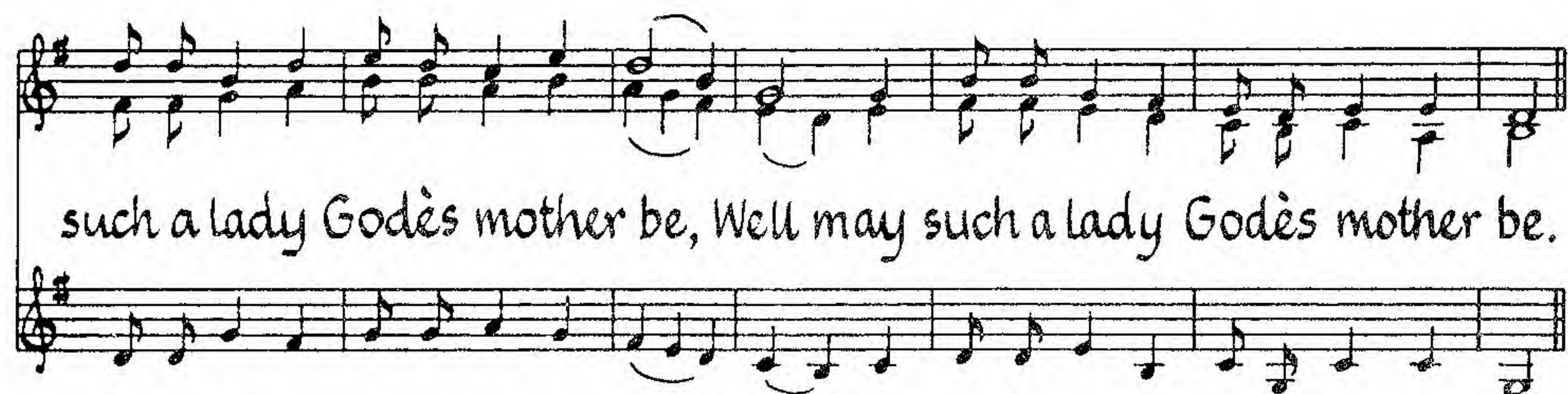
2. Where his mother was,
3. He came all so still To his mother's bowr, As dew in April That
4. Where his mother lay,



grass,
falleth on the flower, As dew in April That falleth on the flower.
spray, spray.



5. Mother and maiden Was never none but she; Well may



such a lady Godès mother be, Well may such a lady Godès mother be.

Angels' Gloria

Glo - ria, Glo-ria in excelsis De - o; et in terra pax,

hominibus bonae voluntatis. Glo - - ri-a, Glo-

- ria in excelsis De - o, Glo-ria in excelsis De - o. Glo-

Fading
- - ria, Glo - - ria, Glo - - ria, Glo - - ria.



